The Point Five

Magazine

Issue: 00.5

Paper Rain

Field Notes

Psy-Op Of the Month

Weather Report

Tool-Box

Aug: 25

trying to make sense of reality

Red Nova Series

Paper Rain

A cut-up take on various realities.
(Somewhere in B.A Argentina, outside the capital's General Paz Avenue border)

-5:30 in the morning and nothing but fog. Dream-like static fills the sky above the concrete kissed clouds - pamphlets began appearing like rain. No countryside advertising - no demands - no apparent political PR - just a |.| on the front in black ink and a small square tab secured by tape inside with maybe a few words scribbled above. It had a smell to the taste, like pine and an old medicine cabinet. It felt at first like nothing.

- "I took one. A pamphlet. Wouldn't dare take the tab. Read what it had scribbled on the inside, it said "Trust the nausea". I laughed, kissed my rosary and went to work"

-Why the paper?
-I don't know... Screens are filtered, Paper has its roots.
-The purpose?
-Not sure. Why do anything? Disruption leads to interpretation - the lines of empathetic contextual perspective need to be dusted off.

They called it an attack on faith.
A prank.
An overstep.
An absurd cartel stunt.
Nobody agreed - Chaos achieved.

Some said it was a cult. Some said it was art. Some said "this is what it feels like to wake up in the wrong dimension."
There was no signature - just the symbol - |.|

-Hand Written Note Found
Not LSD. Not therapeutic. Not a Cure.
It only peels away at your socio-constructed beliefs long enough to ask, why do I believe this?
If you can answer, you do not need it. If you can not, you're not ready.

Folded by hand. Dropped from rooftops.
Over one week;
300 pamphlets
6 building tops
2 church bell towers
1 arrest
22 confirmed ingestions
4 spontaneous crying fits
1 disappearance (separate from the arrest)

"The paper hit my windshield, I thought it was a ticket. It didn't say anything but a funny symbol and a little breath mint-like tab on the inside. I laid it on my tongue and took off driving. It felt like static was dripping from my pours. The hood of my car and the road were one - the engine was responsible for my blood's circulation and I was terrified to stop."

Some landed in puddles. Some in gutters.
Some on the hood of cop cars.
Some were thrown away - unopened.
Some are still in pockets.
This isn't meant to be understood.
This is to help one realize its true place between the lines - a collective consciousness trying to stop choking itself on its own serpent tail.

End.
Welcome to The Point Five.

C.A.E
PARADA
Club
LIANZA
GIMNASIO

/ Field Notes

TrashLikeTime – PilingUp in Caseros

Going to sleep to the morning birds is more of a ritual now than anything. The sounds of the night are mesmerizing. Motorcycle backfire or gunshot. Dog fight or someone walking past a gate with a pent-up howling hound. Bloody murder or a party hitting its peak. New neighbors recycling the houses of victims of poverty and circumstance.

The neighborhood is littered — not just with trash, but with symbols of a slow-motion collapse. This isn't about the municipality failing to clean up; this is the residue of a generation priced out of participation. The pockets are only deep enough for a shared buzz in the park. The clubs are empty. The culture took a hit with this government and now limps through public spaces, drunk on discount wine and survival instinct.

The factory on the corner shut down last week. It's insides - gutted and tossed in a waste removal dumpster for the neighborhood to pick from. Another For Sale sign. No more shifts, no more paychecks, no more steam rising off tired shoulders in the morning light. Now the cardboard in the garbage looks more like gold. Being a Cartonaro is becoming more of an only option for a growing impoverished population. Akin to the pigeon who after being discarded for a more advanced tech - they found their way with help from societal waste.

The fat pigeons are bunking with the ever-growing homeless. And still, people are told to walk around them and trust the process — a phrase so beaten and hollow it echoes like a bad joke. Poorly contextualized ideological walls went up quickly — "Libertad!" scrawled next to shuttered bakeries. You hear twenty-year-olds in cheap suits talking about the free market as if they've unlocked a brand new science that doesn't describe a snake eating its tail - anarcho-capitalism makes as much sense as chanting "No Masters" while letting billionaires write the rules in fine print you can't afford to read - it's cosplay rebellion for people who haven't been told (or refuse to believe) that the 'American Dream' died from exposure to its underbelly. It's promising individual sovereignty in a world where identity is sold back to you through algorithms — where choosing not to participate makes you invisible, and opting in makes you a product.

Unrest and the stench of defeat are thick in the atmosphere. The music coming from the usual house on Sundays? Gone. Just birds now - parakeets with beer caps stuck to their feet - and the occasional growl of a Fiat on its last prayer, coughing up plaque like a dying pope. Movement costs money now. Joy costs more.

And still, the government, bold as ever, chants their sacred phrase of budgetary mysticism; No Hay Plata. They say it like thieves that ran into a burning bank, coming out with their pockets brimming while telling everyone there isn't anything to be seen. No money for schools. No money for Clinics. No money for the pensioners selling socks on the train while pretending not to cry. It's painstakingly-mind-numbingly almost comical - how a government that backs genocide also treats their own poor like the 'terrorists' their helping exterminate with pledges of munitions and unrelenting heavenly praise. These dead-eyed goblins with erections for privatization don't believe in infrastructure unless someone is buried under it. They slash pensions while printing poorly written press-releases about supporting peace with precision-guided munitions. They sell austerity like it's ayahuasca - it's a hell of a painful cure, but if you survive, you'll be better for it. They are not broke. They are just laundering your future through a barrel of well-funded ideology.

But I digress...

I've talked to older folks from blue-collar backgrounds — mechanics, war veterans, witnesses to disappearances during the dictatorship. Some are calm. Some are bitter. Some are simply quiet. But all of them have said the same thing, in one form or another: "It's starting to feel like it used to."

0.5
"Parallax Views
and Chaos Magic
It's getting Weird again
See You
NEXT
Tuesday
13:12
Swine Roast
Exterminated
Bloodlines
Should
Upset You
petty
Bombs
and
Distorted
Reality

Psy-Op Of the Month /

Ontheweaponization of languageandtheslow violence of sanitization

It's not chaos. It just feels that way when you start seeing things not add up. The system isn't broken. It's doing exactly what it was designed to do; confuse, gaslight, numb, and reframe. The war is psychological, spiritual, and linguistic. Where the billets and bombs don't fall - it's about words. And what we're living through is a campaign to systematically destroy language before it can describe the crimes being committed.

Rather recently (depending on how you perceive time), a media guideline document leaked - distributed to journalists, press liaisons, and government communication offices. It read like a guide for cowards. A list of "discouraged terms" with their cleaned-up replacements. You don't say occupation - you say conflict. Don't say genocide - you say military response. Massacre becomes incident. Ethnic cleansing - Civilian Displacement. Apartheid - Security Policy. The goal wasn't to ban these words - just to make you feel inappropriate for using them. To shape perception by sterilizing language. To take the blood off the floor by renaming it red substance.

This is the psy-op. You don't have to erase history if you can convince people that it was complicated. You don't have to hide the bodies if you reframe the violence as necessary. If contextual vocabulary becomes muddied, so does the ability to name what's happening.

This is nothing new. This is the same trick used to justify atrocity. They called it Manifest Destiny when they pushed west, demonizing and destroying cultures, building schools and churches on mass graves. That wasn't genocide - it was divine progress. It wasn't ethnic cleansing, it was settlement. Add insult to injury, the Natives were called Indians and needed to be relocated. They didn't disappear - they were absorbed into civilization after being given proper direction. That's how you turn mass death into a patriotic chapter in a schoolbook.

Anywhere a suppressive government exists - where colonial concrete paved over earth's pours, a contextual misrepresentation of reality is in play.

In Argentina, president Milei doesn't need soldiers in uniforms. He's doing it with online trolls, algorithms, market shocks, and a savior complex. Public sector workers getting laid off? That's trimming inefficiency. Schools closing? Structural adjustment. Starving people? Freedom from the Nanny state. Protestors in the streets? Terrorist sympathizers (and 'culturally just a thing done on Wednesday's'). The dictatorship isn't back, they say it's reform. But when the air smells the same and the police start checking identification, how long until the disappearances start happening? Or have they? It seems the Argentine government found a way to appease investors by labeling the poor as 'the enemy of freedom'.

In Canada, they've wrapped their colonialism in apologies and ceremonies. Land acknowledgements at every event, said by people standing on said land in a crisp suit drinking clean water that the Indigenous communities they are literally talking about don't have. They acknowledge the land... but how was the land taken? By who? And is this acknowledgement giving back the land? Or is it for a pat on the back, a toy for the kid to hold before going through the toy aisle? They won't say genocide for this either, instead - tragic legacy, historical trauma. They'll give a speech about healing while they're pushing another pipeline through the same stolen dirt.

In Ireland, they called it a famine. A natural disaster, they said - potato blight, crop failure, unfortunate but inevitable. But the truth is far more brutal. While millions starved, gran and livestock continued to be exported from Irish ports, often under military protection. British policies prioritized exports over feeding a starving population. Relief efforts were limited, poorly funded, and in many cases contingent on harsh conditions designed to protect property rights and market interests. Historians like Christine Kinealy have documented how these policies effectively weaponized starvation, turning famine into a tool of colonial control. - And when the Irish resisted, when groups like the IRA rose up decades later, the language shifted again. Those fighting for freedom were labeled terrorists by colonial powers and their media mouthpieces, a narrative designed to criminalize resistance and maintain control. This manipulation of language - reframing forced starvation as famine, rebellion as terrorism - truly rewrites history, changing perspective with a different ideological lens.

You don't need to burn the truth. You just need to rename it until no one recognizes it.

This is what they do. They hide their true gremlin faces with good branding. They mutate words until war feels like peace. Until injustice sounds fair. Until reality gets fuzzy around the edges and the people stop reacting. They're not trying to make you agree. They're trying to make you tired. Numb. Confused. They want you to forget how to talk about what you're seeing - with warped language, ego-centric ideologies and distraction.

When you finally start saying something, they'll call you dramatic. You're too emotional to see clearly. You're clearly being manipulated by the Radicals.

But the truth is; if you're not emotional right now, you're not seeing clearly at all.

That is the war. None of this is chaos. It's designed confusion. Precision-engineered forgetting. A vocabulary curated by cowards. A dictionary redacted by power. This war has no name. And that is how they are winning.

Field Notes
It's getting Weird again.
0.5
Starve the Banks,
Eat the Wealthy
C.A.E

Weather Report

0.5

The Relapsing Junkie

History is a perpetually relapsing junkie swearing to be on the verge of a new enlightenment, and each relapse is slightly different. The syringes have a familiar feel, the drug gets rebranded, but the high is the same: Something is controlling The Fear - purity by exclusion. Every generation thinks they've kicked it, like the eternal class war was cured sometime in the last century, but it just mutates. The slogans get swapped, the aesthetics upgraded, and the vocabulary broadened just enough to confuse the fringe with the front. The soapbox and marches graduated to algorithm-based echo chambers and paid influencers pushing political theater with the same old undercurrent: safety through Orwellian control, cleansing through division.

Fascism doesn't always come marching. Sometimes it arrives smiling, offering stability, sounding reasonable. But the bones are the same. Controlled egos keep political progressivism a bastardized version of itself, not by silencing it outright, but by flooding the culture with curated narcissism. What I'm calling political progressivism is just another managed product—waving the language of justice while cutting deals with war machines behind the curtain. Actual progress isn't partisan; its only true enemy is oppression. But the system keeps people trapped in a rigged pit of produced anxiety, left or right, enemy or ally, reform or chaos. Meanwhile, real resistance gets muddied and ridiculed, lumped in with grifters, childish outbursts, and hollow provocateurs. The public is force-fed curated narcissism, taught to believe they are the protagonists of history, entitled to rise above the collapse rather than confront it.

History's junkie brain remembers the pain but not the lesson. The relapse always looks like progress, until the needle pierces the skin again.

Why have we been taught that when someone commits an actual act of rebellion against an oppressive state, the response - even from progressives - is always, "we want change, but that was too far"? The system needs its 'tranquil enemies' for show. Empathy is drowned in self-importance. Collective power is re-branded as naivety. And today's rationality is just bad marketing. A machine this big doesn't respond to hashtags. It fears disruption. It fears revolution.

Zionism, the New Supremacist Project.

Zionism today is less a movement for survival and more a weaponized ideology—an aggressive supremacist project cloaked in trauma and political theater. First, let's be clear: Judaism and Zionism are not synonymous. Judaism is a religion, a culture, a history. Zionism is a political ideology rooted in colonial conquest, settler displacement, and state violence.

The state of Israel has mastered the use of historical trauma as a shield, wielding the memory of the Holocaust like armor to deflect criticism. Yet, while Holocaust memory is enshrined as sacred, the ongoing violence and erasure of Palestinians—the "Holocaust: 2025" playing out in real time—is largely broadcast with commentary stripped of context, live-streamed to a global audience desensitized by spectacle. This weaponization of trauma serves two purposes: it immunizes Israel from international accountability, and it normalizes a continuous state of siege mentality that justifies ever more brutal policies.

History's junkie brain remembers the pain but forgets humanity. The same scars are stitched into new wounds.

Global complicity is key. Western powers, often the same countries that claim to champion human rights, bankroll, arm, and politically shield this supremacist project. The rhetoric of security and democracy covers a genocidal reality. And the consequences ripple beyond the Middle East. The ideological export of Zionism fuels new forms of ethnic nationalism and supremacism elsewhere, poisoning discourse and weaponizing victimhood in a toxic feedback loop.

This isn't ancient history rehashed, it's the blueprint for a new global order built on exclusion, fear, and violence.

Global Parallels

Fascism didn't die in a Berlin bunker. It franchised. Each time the world fractures, familiar archetypes rise. Angry men promising order through purity, meaning through fear, salvation through borders. They don't march in unison anymore, they trend. Pluck only a few names from the pile of tyrants;

Netanyahu drapes apartheid in ancient prophecy and sells it as divine defense. His regime bulldozes not just homes but memory, culture, and resistance. Zionism under his rule is fascism with an alibi.

Trump is America's carnival-barker troglodyte: a grotesque fusion of old-school racism, capitalist greed, and reality-TV narcissism. His movement isn't just reactionary, it's a mutation: fascism re-branded as patriotism, complete with cosplay militias and childish outbursts sold as political revolt.

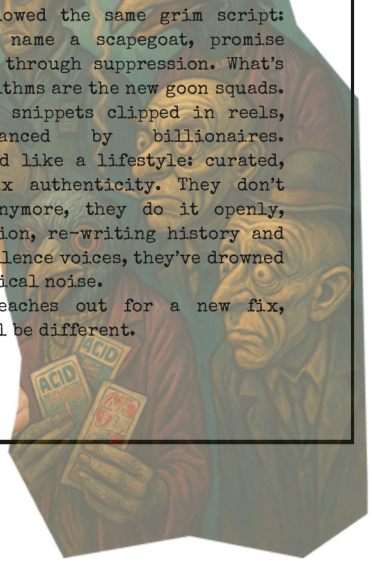
Milei is Argentina's putrid contribution to colonial efforts—leather jackets and imperialistic slander, a response to an aging and growing involuntarily-celibate (incelular) population starving for relevance. He didn't win by promising freedom; he won by promising Americanization. Starvation to those unable to invest in colonialism. Forced chaos is key—manufactured instability creates the illusion that a police state is necessary, that brutality is just order in disguise.

- Like a junkie shooting up one last hit, these leaders promise salvation but only deepen the addiction.

Modi, cloaks fascism in spiritual nationalism, burning mosques with a smile, rewriting history with saffron ink. Under his rule, dissent becomes sacrilege and uniformity is virtue. Minorities vanish into public erasure while national myth becomes law.

Each of these figures followed the same grim script: mythologize a golden past, name a scapegoat, promise rebirth, and build strength through suppression. What's changed is the toolkit. Algorithms are the new goon squads. Nationalism is now viral - snippets clipped in reels, pumped by bots, financed by billionaires. Authoritarianism is marketed like a lifestyle: curated, orderly, dripping with faux authenticity. They don't disappear people quietly anymore, they do it openly, through hunger, disinformation, re-writing history and new laws. They don't need to silence voices, they've drowned them in identity-based-political noise.

- History's junkie hand reaches out for a new fix, convinced this time it will be different.



Starve the Banks Eat the Wealthy
ACID
ACID
Refuse To Participate
CARNAVAL

Detailed Parallax View Between Classes Across the Globe

While the billionaires fly private between bunkers, the global poor are fed new flags to starve under. Each nation wears its own costume, but the class war stays identical. A parallax hallucination where the elite remain untouched while the working classes everywhere are spun against each other like rival gangs in a war they didn't start.

Argentina's Milei drapes himself in leather and libertarian cosplay, but his chaos is coldly calculated. His roots feed off the legacy of dictatorship: cultural violence disguised as economic reform, troll farms as domestic policy, and hunger weaponized into passive compliance. He calls it anarcho-capitalism, freedom for the market, but it's just austerity in a shit-spewing clown suit. He champions a state so deregulated it collapses into obedient corporate feudalism. His loyalty to colonial structures is clear in his unwavering support for Israel's military project, a move less about alliance and more about aligning with supremacist legitimacy on a global scale. Argentina has relapsed hard, and Milei is just the newest dirty needle.

The United States, meanwhile, never really sobered up. Its entire mythology is built on conquest, conspiracy and amnesia. Colonial imperialism is repackaged every election cycle, the same script of fear-based campaigning, Greater-Day nostalgia, and fringe wanna-be socialites turned policy parrots. From CIA-funded coups to Nazi recruitment programs like Operation Paperclip, the land of the free has always been haunted by imported nightmares. The fascists of the past didn't die, they found better PR. Each relapse comes wrapped in the American flag, washed down with bootlicker bravado and vague threats to "make it great again." And still, Israel gets a blank check.

Canada performs civility like it's a religion—polite masks over a violent origin. It markets itself as a sanctuary, a land of refuge, but it was never meant to be settled. This place was taken, not shared. If land acknowledgments meant anything, they'd come with a deed. Instead, they're read before boardroom lunches while treaties are trampled and resource theft is escorted by police. Indigenous communities boil water while oil execs drink champagne. Canada won't call what Israel's doing a genocide—because doing so would force a mirror on its own. It can't condemn settler violence without indicting itself. This isn't reconciliation. It's rebranding. Polished, calling itself liberal as it sits quite conservatively.

India, under Modi, has embraced its relapse like a nationalist rite of passage. Fascism is wrapped in saffron and sold as cultural pride. Economic disparity is masked with mythic revivalism. The poor fight each other over cow protection and caste supremacy while billionaires write the future. India's compliance in this New World War—through arms deals, surveillance tech, and silence where it matters—signals a strategic alliance with the architecture of global control. The country that once birthed revolutionaries is now home to digital lynch mobs and algorithm-fed hate.

From Buenos Aires to Delhi, Washington to Ottawa, it's the same shit - weaponize poverty, distract with myth, and erase resistance with god fearing gaslighting. Cultural Class is war. The rich have built a world immune to borders while convincing the poor to kill over them. And history, ever the strung-out junkie, nods off again. Its veins are bruised with pipe dreams - which are then sold to the highest bidder. There's no fixing this. No vote, no hashtag, no polished protest will detox a system this high on its own product. It doesn't need reform, it needs refusal through chaos. Not the aesthetic of rebellion, the act. (When a colonist starts calling you a terrorist, you might be on the right track.) Because if history is a junkie, then the only mercy left is to kick the habit cold. Let it shake, scream, convulse. Let it burn through the walls it built. There's no safe withdrawal from a lie this deep.

The storm was never coming, it's been here. We've just been too entertained with ourselves to notice.

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TAKE YOR ANGER OUT ON A POLITICIAN
POINT FIVE